

Holiness to the Lord!

# The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 11.

## THE DISMISSAL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

ANY of our readers in the least familiar with illustrations of English history, do not need telling that the portly figure in the engraving is meant for the wife-killing king, Henry the Eighth; the suppliant figure, to whom Henry is handing a document, was his counselor, companion and friend—the famous Cardinal Wolsey. Their names are indissolubly connected, historically, and their deeds were of such a character as to secure to them a reputation that time will never obliterate. Wolsey was the creature of Henry, and the creation of his power. One seemed to be the other's complement, and each a necessity to the other. As to which was the master spirit of the two, there can be no question. The superiority of Wolsey's character was such that it towers infinitely above that of his royal master. By the accident of birth, Henry possessed immense wealth and despotic power; Wolsey, born in very humble life, was the possessor of such wonderful genius, that he became more than king, for during many years, so absolute and uncontrollable was his influence and power, that the occupant of the English throne, was little more than a plaything in his hands, which is the more remarkable when it is remembered that Henry the Eighth was one of the most despotic and bloodthirsty individuals that ever cursed a people or disgraced a throne. Wolsey not only had unbounded influence with this man, but popes, and the rulers of the principal European kingdoms, at various times, sought his friendship, in order to promote their interests and to secure the triumph of their moves on the political chessboard. His fine taste, coupled with his great riches, enabled him, on noted state occasions, to eclipse royalty itself in the elegance and grandeur of his displays.

In a former number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR you may remember reading about Thomas A Becket, a famous priest who lived in the time of Henry the Second. His was a wonderful career, and the influence he exercised in controlling the public affairs of England was, for a long time, second to none, not even to the king; and though, in some respects, their



is a similarity in the characters of the two men, Wolsey's genius was far superior to that of A Becket. The latter was the possessor of a sturdy independence of character which made him resist kingly authority when it sought to abridge his rights; but that trait of his character cost him his life. Not so with Wolsey. His ambition was as towering as A Becket's, but instead of resisting the will of the king, he, by flattery and cajolery, won him over to his own views, and so accomplished his own designs and purposes; and in this manner he succeeded in exercising more absolute power than any mere subject either before or since. Had the mere accident of birth reversed the positions of Henry and his favorite minister, the former would have been forgotten as soon as buried; but the latter would undoubtedly have occupied a far more elevated niche in the temple of Fame than he does now. One can not read a sketch of Thomas Wolsey's career, without being filled with wonder at and admiration of the man's resplendent genius. Not that all the acts of his life, either private or public, as far as recorded, were such as to command respect, or were worthy of imitation, not by any means. This is rarely the case any more with so-called great men than with those who spend lives of obscurity; and especially with those whose days are passed in royal Courts. Peruse a history of royal personages, and of those who attain greatness and honor at their hands, and the impartial reader is disgusted at the meanness and trickery very often exhibited in mounting the ladder which leads to greatness. The casual reader is struck with the fame and splendour attached to some of the prominent names of history; but he who investigates, while he may admire the consummate ability and address displayed, will find that in many cases, much of the glory is but meretricious—it is mere gilt, and shines the brightest at the greatest distance. This is strikingly true of Cardinal Wolsey. While he was indisputably a great man, he was greater in evil than in good. He was a perfect master of state craft, and was inspired by an ambition that knew no bounds, and his revenge removed everything that attempted to stay its gratification. To the only superior he acknowledged—the king—he was as pliant a tool as ever breathed, and while all the acts and efforts of his life were seemingly dictated by a desire to please the king, they all sprang from an intense love of Thomas Wolsey.

This man was born in the town of Ipswich, Cambridgeshire, England, and was the son of a butcher. Being the possessor of considerable wealth Wolsey, senior, gave his son a university education. While at Oxford the boy was noted for his attainments, and became teacher of a grammar school attached to one of the colleges. Among his pupils were the sons of the Marquis of Dorset, who became strongly attached to him, and their representations induced Lord Dorset to present Wolsey with the parsonage of Lymington, in Somersetshire. This was a rare stroke of good fortune for him, but a man with his ambition could not be content to spend his days as a village clergyman. While acting as rector at Lymington Wolsey's conduct was sometimes marked by gross impropriety, and on one occasion he so far disgraced himself by dissipation that, by order of the magistrate, he was placed in the stocks.

Very few who read this have ever seen or heard of what, in England, are called the stocks, or understand the disgrace of being confined in them. The stocks are unknown in Utah, and are rarely seen anywhere now-a-days. They are a peculiar kind of wooden machine consisting of a seat, and before it an upright board, in which are cut large round holes, into which the hands and feet of the vagrant are fastened, and he is compelled to sit, doubled up, almost, for one, two, or three hours, according to the sentence of his judge. To make the matter worse, the stocks were generally placed in the most public street of the village or town where they were used, and the poor wretches confined in them frequently pelted with eggs, or other equally harmless missiles, and laughed at and jeered by all who feel disposed to abuse them. None but the lowest of the

low were reckoned bad enough for the stocks, and it was considered a disgrace, even by persons of that class, to endure the punishment; hence you can well imagine that for a clergyman of a parish, as Wolsey was, to be thus punished, was a terrible disgrace; and he never forgave the man who made him endure it, and years after, when he became great and powerful, he confined his judge for several years in prison.

Having been so disgraced among those to whose spiritual welfare he attended, Wolsey could not endure to stay among them, and he resigned his position; but succeeded shortly after in gaining an introduction to one of the ministers of Henry the Seventh, and by his winning manners and graceful address he soon worked his way upwards until he became the king's private secretary. In this position he gained favor, and was employed by the king on several occasions in which skill and discretion were required. For the very satisfactory manner in which he performed his duties he was shortly appointed Dean of Lincoln, and to be the king's almoner, or alms-giver, and both positions gave influence and power to him who occupied them.

Wolsey remained near Henry the Seventh until his death, and when Henry the Eighth came to the throne, fortune's favors were showered thickly upon him, for he became a far greater favorite with the new king than he had been with the old one. Wolsey, at this time was forty years old, and Henry only nineteen; but notwithstanding the difference in years, Wolsey sought in every imaginable way to minister to the vanity of the youthful king, and with all the spirit and zest of one of Henry's years, sought in every way to add to his pleasures. His efforts were acceptable to his royal patron, and in a few months the two were bosom friends, Wolsey's influence continually growing, and the king taking every opportunity to heap honors and wealth upon him. The favorite soon became the most trusted and powerful minister of state, was created bishop of Lincoln, and bishop of Tournay, and had various other wealth-and-power creating gifts bestowed upon him.

In the year 1514, the English Ambassador at the Court of Rome, the Archbishop of York, died, and by the request of the king, the pope appointed Wolsey archbishop, and before the year was out the pope created him cardinal. This office was the highest but one in the Romish church, second only to that of pope. You thus see what wonderful fortune attended Wolsey; in a few years he had risen from obscurity to be, in everything but name, the most powerful man in all England, and the most prominent one in Europe; and whatever may be thought of the way in which he attained greatness, all must admit that he was a man of wonderful genius.

In his ascent to power Wolsey's arrogance and pride created many enemies among the aristocracy, who regarded with jealousy and hate the confidence and trust the king reposed in the low-born butcher's son. The following incident illustrates the ill feeling of the nobles towards Wolsey: On one occasion, while the Duke of Buckingham was holding a basin of water for the king to wash, Wolsey very unceremoniously dipped his hand into the water. The action was no doubt meant for an insult, and was so interpreted by the duke, who, to show his contempt for the butcher's son, spilled some of the water into Wolsey's shoes. This action gave rise to a bitter feud between the two men which never ceased, and, through the machinations of Wolsey, Buckingham was finally beheaded.

On all occasions Wolsey attired himself in the richest silks and satins, scarlet or crimson in color; on his neck and shoulders he wore a rich sable tippet, and his shoes were a blaze of silver, pearls and diamonds. His train consisted of eight hundred knights and gentlemen; his servants were also very numerous, and they as well as his train were arrayed in rich and costly clothing. His cook wore a coat of satin or velvet, with a gold chain round his neck. Whenever the cardinal appeared in public, a person of distinction bore his cardinal's hat before him on a cushion; he was also preceded by two priests, one bearing

a massive silver cross, the other a silver pillar surmounted by a cross. On state occasions the eight hundred gentlemen of his train as well as the steeds they rode upon, were adorned in silk and gold. The cardinal himself, according to the fashion among priests, rode on a mule; his saddle and saddle cloth were crimson velvet, his stirrups of silver gilt.

This grandeur eclipsed and disgusted the nobles, and many of them absented themselves from court because of it, and the favor shown to the cardinal by the king; but their coldness and dislike never affected Wolsey at all prejudicially; for whatever others might think or say about him, he retained the king's favor, and for many years he had absolute control of all state affairs, whether domestic or foreign. He enjoyed a good share of popularity with the masses of the people, because of the summary punishment he occasionally dealt out to government officers who, while pretending to exercise their functions, went beyond them and oppressed the people. This popularity never decreased until he sought to carry out the measures of the king, in attempting to extort money from the people in an illegal manner; but his wonderful influence with the king never diminished until the appearance at court, of Anne Boleyn. Who this lady was, and how, by her influence, the downfall and ruin of the famous cardinal was effected, we must tell you in another number.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

## Chemistry of Common Things.

### HYDROCARBON.—NO. 5.— ILLUMINATING GASES.

IT is not the hydrogen of illuminating gases that gives the light, it only supplies the *heat* necessary to cause the carbon to combine with oxygen; first, the hydrogen becomes a prey to oxygen, forming water, which passes off as vapor; then the oxygen seizes the carbon and passes off as gas (carbonic acid).

From this it can be seen that the more favorable the proportions of hydrocarbons are for being entirely consumed and converted into vapor, the better the light; and, that any admixture of gases that does not fulfill these conditions is so much obstruction to illumination. The law that governs the production of *artificial* light is, that there must be burning matter to supply heat, and incandescent matter, that is, solid particles capable of being red hot, which, in consequence of the heat, evolve light. This is the reason of the intense luminosity of the oxy-hydro-calcium light—the conditions of producing light are fulfilled in a very high degree. Oxygen and hydrogen are present in the exact chemical proportions to *combine perfectly*, thus producing the largest possible amount of heat; and, the most infusible solid, being heated to the most intense white heat, produces the largest amount of light.

There are many bodies already known to man that fulfill all these conditions; perhaps, when the nature of the elements and their economical use in the arts are better understood, our present modes of obtaining artificial light may be discarded. It is not more than two hundred years since it was first observed that illuminating gases could be obtained from the destructive distillation of coal; for the first century after that observation no results beneficial to man accrued. It was only at the beginning of this century that gas was used for illumination; another quarter of a century was required to reconcile the people to its use in cities. Great was the outcry by the uninformed, as to the "danger of explosion," "the escape of suffocating gases;" and, above all, the fears of the merchants whose trading in oils

etc. was in danger, caused delay in extending the benefits of illuminating gas.

Now, gas is a necessity, and it will continue to be so. Other illuminating bodies than those derived from the coals, resins, oils, fats, and other organic compounds will have to be discovered; this is only a question of time, *necessity* will eventually compel men to make researches, and success always results from such researches. The intelligence of the age is now *wasted* in trying to make discoveries to destroy men; the time will come when all intelligence will be, all *true* intelligence is now, used to bless!

Let us look at the phenomenon of flame—say that of a gas-jet. The gas issues from the pipe through the jet, which is formed in such a way, if correctly formed, as to expose the gas to the most thorough action of the oxygen of the air. Oxygen, diluted by nitrogen, like a deep sea completely envelops the earth and all bodies upon it, everything combustible sooner or later is decomposed by it. It has been aptly represented as "a great devourer ever ready to prey upon organized bodies;" this arises from the fact that combustible elements *always* enter into the composition of organized beings, and the "lamp of life" burns up those elements as fuel. But inorganic bodies are also "devoured" by oxygen, this vast globe is a result of its consumption. The rocks were silicon, calcium, aluminum, magnesium, iron and other "combustible" elements; they are now cinders—we call them earth and oxides—oxygen consumed those elements and thus formed the earth's crust. The more ethereal element, hydrogen, true to its office, then, as now, when consumed by oxygen, consolidated, first into vapor and eventually into water, to beautify, and vivify, and happily the earth.

It is this tendency to form cinders, ashes and solid products that, at present, prevents the use of numerous bodies known to chemistry as illuminating media, unless these are removed the process of combustion and illumination is interfered with; besides these considerations the *cost* of suitable materials is too great.

In using carbo-hydrogens, whether in gas, oil, or candles, the same general principle alluded to is the cause of the phenomenon of light. If the flame of a candle is examined it is seen to be luminous only on the surface, the gas (hydrogen) acts the part of heat-generator, the incandescent particles of carbon floating around the wick become luminous as they come in contact with the oxygen. Those particles of carbon that are not consumed, pass off into the air; candles improperly made smoke, for this reason; this is also true of bad oil, or of ill-constructed lamps. As to the *explosiveness* of the various hydro-carbons used for illumination, that may receive further attention; as a general thing it is the atmosphere of a lamp that explodes, that is, the stratum of air between the surface of the oil and the burner. Those lamps that have hanging jets have nothing to explode, for the hydro-carbons, *unless mixed with air*, are not explosive. This is true of gaseous as well as liquid hydro-carbons, it is when leakage occurs in any way that there is danger, hence the importance of great care in extinguishing gas-lights. In public buildings it is usual to turn the gas off "at the main," that is at the main, or principal entrance of the gas pipe from the street. In this way the supply of gas is effectually cut off from any dwelling, but the tap of each burner should be turned off square; for, not only is the escape of gas thus prevented but also the entrance of atmospheric air. We may have gas works in this city some day, and it is well to understand something about the nature of the hydro-carbons as they are supplied by public companies; the more perfectly all the conditions for obtaining light are understood and practically attended to, the more economical, efficient and elegant is the use of illuminating gas.

BETH.

EVERYTHING here is as we estimate it, and the changes in our hearts make the changes that we feel.



# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



WE are now fast approaching the end of Spring, of the year of our Lord 1872, and it has been, probably, the most remarkable Spring known in these valleys since their settlement by white people. The quantity of rain that has fallen has been extraordinary, and if it last for two or three weeks longer it will be sure to diminish the labors of the farmer this summer to a great extent, for but very little if any irrigation will be needed by some of the crops, and the time and labor usually occupied in irrigation are a serious item, in the farmer's expenses. The rains have also been very fortunate so far as fruit and vegetables are concerned, and the prospect at present, is that there will be immense crops of everything necessary for the sustenance of man and beast in these valleys, for nothing conduces more to such a desirable result than a moist, warm Spring.

A remarkable change has been perceptible in Utah Territory, during the last few years, so far as the rain is concerned; each succeeding year, for the last seven or eight years, there has been gradually more and more of it, and if this change continues, there is every likelihood that in a few years more irrigation will have to be resorted to but seldom in many parts of the Valleys. There is a promise in that good old book, the Bible, to the effect that the deserts and waste places shall again rejoice in the early and latter rains; and so far as regards what was once called the Great American Desert—and Utah is in the heart of it—the promise seems in a fair way of fulfillment. At any rate the people here, have great cause for gratitude to the Lord for the prospects of plenty with which they are now favored.

By the by, children, while we are talking about Spring, let us ask you, did the resemblance between human life and the four seasons of the year ever strike your attention? If not, think about it a few moments, and you can hardly help noticing the similarity. The year is divided into four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. These periods follow one another with unvarying certainty, and bring the never-failing seed time, harvest etc.

The life of every human being who lives the time usually acknowledged as the length of our earthly probation, namely seventy years, is composed of infancy, youth, adult age, that is manhood or womanhood, and the decline of life, or old age; and these periods, in many of their characteristics, bear a striking resemblance to the seasons of the year. In the Spring, the seed planted by the farmer, germinates, the trees clothe themselves with leaves, the earth dons its verdure of green, the birds sing joyously, the insects and reptiles come from their winter hiding places, and life and animation are everywhere apparent. In the Summer the trees are loaded with fruit, and the various operations commenced in spring in the several departments of the animal and vegetable kingdoms are hastening on to maturity. By and by Autumn comes along with its crops, delicious fruits, golden grain, etc., rich rewards for the toil of the husbandman; and last of all Winter makes its appearance, every succeeding day almost, marking the decline of the forces that have been oper-

ating vigorously through spring, summer, and autumn. The trees lose their leafy covering, the fresh and green appearance of the fields gives place to a sober-looking gray; as the cold and frosts increase the insects, reptiles, birds and animals again seek the shelter of their winter homes, and finally ice and snow lock all nature in their cold and deathlike embrace.

How like our lives is all this! Infancy—our springtime, is the period in which the powers of both mind and body gradually unfold themselves; from the period of youth to adult age, those powers, by the education of our mental and physical systems, are developed and matured. And if we could, we should be gratified beyond measure to make every boy and girl see the importance of this period. Its value is beyond calculation, for on its proper use depends the usefulness and happiness of the remainder of life. Fritter away youth in folly, and reach mature age with powers and faculties undisciplined and uncultivated, and the remainder of life will be spent in vain in trying to regain that which is lost. This golden period comes but once to each individual, and spent properly, middle age or life's autumn will be rich in comfort and respect; and as old age with its declining powers and decrepitude approach, there is no regret for the past. Life's closing scenes are passed in tranquillity, and death's advances beheld with calmness and serenity.

As the seasons of the year glide, almost imperceptibly, from one into the other, so do the various phases of human life; but as spring never fails to be succeeded by summer, summer by autumn, and autumn by winter, so will infancy and youth be followed by the cares, anxieties and joys of mature life, and the decrepitude and feebleness of age will inevitably overtake all who attain the full span of human life; and as each of the four seasons of the year brings forth its characteristic fruits, so surely will the four seasons of life. If the farmer, at the proper time, neglect to plough his land, put in his seed grain, irrigate his growing crops, and so forth, his reward will be commensurate with his labors, and will be plentiful in weeds and all that is worthless. So in our lives, if, in the proper season, our various powers and faculties are allowed to lie undeveloped, or are developed improperly, our happiness and usefulness will be fatally abridged during our sojourn here, and Heaven alone knows how long the evil effects of such a course may be felt in the life to come.

Children, think of these things, and let your great purpose be to shun evil, to increase in good, to develop your intellectual faculties, and to lead pure and holy lives. This course will secure you the respect of the good everywhere, and in taking it you will but discharge a duty devolving upon every human being,—namely, to try and leave the world better than he found it.

## RULERS OF ENGLAND.

First, William the Norman,  
Then William his son  
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,  
Then Richard and John.  
Next, Henry the Third,  
Edwards one, two, and three;  
And again after Richard  
Three Henrys we see.  
Two Edwards, third Richard,  
If rightly I guess;  
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,  
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;  
Then Jamie the Scotchman,  
Then Charles, whom they slew,  
Yet received, after Cromwell,  
Another Charles too.  
Next Jamie the Second  
Ascended the throne;  
Then Good William and Mary  
Together came on;  
Then Anne, Georges four,  
And fourth William all passed,  
And Victoria came—  
As yet she's the last.

## RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON.

THIS week we present you a small engraving of the home and burial place of General George Washington, the first President of the Republic of the United States, called "The Father of his Country." George Washington was the commander-in-chief of the army of the united colonies in the struggle with Great Britain, for independence, which, as you all know, resulted in the establishment of the great government under which we live. The name of Washington is, and ever will be, honored by lovers of liberty the world over. He was a most remarkable man, and there can be no doubt was a special instrument, sent by Divine Providence, to conduct to a successful termination, one of the grandest struggles for freedom of which the history of mankind furnishes any account.

Mount Vernon was the home of Mr. Washington before the War of Independence commenced, and was his favorite retreat whenever he had a chance to snatch a brief rest from the fatigue consequent upon the unceasing labors of his public life. No man, probably, was ever more attached to any place than Washington to Mount Vernon; and because of this, it will be regarded with affection and veneration by the American people as long as a stick or stone of it is left standing. It is situated on the right bank of the river Potomac, in Fairfax county, in the State of Virginia, and is on an elevated piece of land covered with trees, from whence a fine view of the river is obtained. The estate originally belonged to Lawrence Washington, the elder brother of the General, who settled there in the year 1743, and named it in honor of Admiral Vernon under whom he had served in the West Indies. When the General came into possession he enlarged and decorated the mansion, making it then ninety-six feet long.

It is a wooden structure, and two storeys high, with, as you see, a lofty portico, along the front. It contains six rooms on the ground floor; but the only ones which remain as they were during the lifetime of its distinguished owner are his bedroom and the library. General Washington died in 1799, at which time the estate consisted of several thousand acres, cut up into a number of farms.

In the year 1858, two hundred acres of the original estate with the mansion and Washington's tomb, were purchased by the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association," the design being to preserve the place from decay, and as a place that pleasure-seekers and travelers may visit, for having been the favorite resort during life, and, after death, the burial place, of one so eminent and justly revered as General George Washington, it will be a favorite place for the visits of pleasure-seekers and travelers as long as a vestige of it remains.

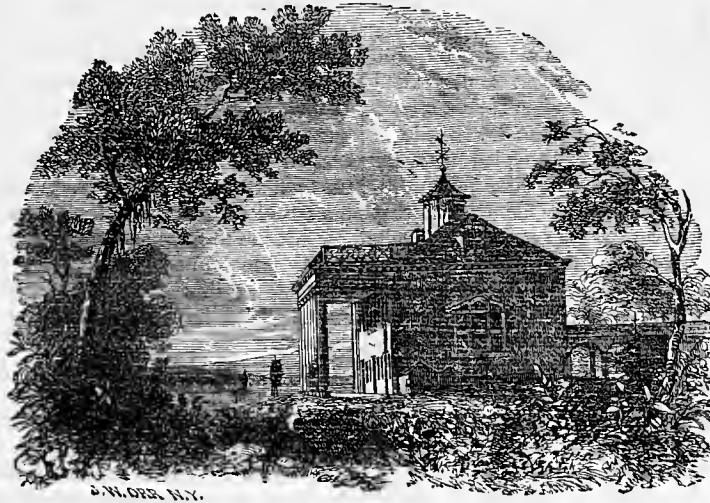
A MISFORTUNE, like a storm in traveling, gives zest for the sunshine, freshness to the prospect, and often introduces an agreeable companion for the remainder of our journey.

A CELEBRATED author says that spite and ill-nature are the most expensive luxuries in life

## AN INTELLIGENT ELEPHANT.

IN July, 1810, the largest elephant ever seen in England was advertised as "just arrived," Henry Harris, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, purchased it for the sum of nine hundred guineas. Mr. Henry Johnston was to ride it; and Miss Packer, the Columbine, was to play up to it. Young happened to be one morning at the box-office, adjoining the theatre, when his ears were assailed by a strange and unusual uproar within the walls. On asking one of the carpenters the cause of it, he was told "it was something going wrong with the elephant, he could not exactly tell what." It had been arranged that Mrs. Henry Johnston, seated in a howdah on the elephant's back, should pass over a bridge, in the centre of a numerous group of followers, and it was thought expedient that the unwieldy monster's tractability should be tested. On stepping up to the bridge, which was slight and temporary, the sagacious brute drew back his forefeet and refused to budge. It is well known as a fact in natural history that the elephant, aware of its unusual bulk, will never trust its weight on any object which is unequal to its support. The stage manager, seeing how resolutely the animal resisted every effort made to compel or induce it to go over the bridge in question, proposed that they should stay the proceedings till next day, when he

might be in a better mood. It was during the repetition of the experiment that my father, having heard about the extraordinary sounds, determined to go upon the stage and see if he could ascertain the cause of them. The first sight that met his eyes kindled his indignation. There stood the huge animal with downcast eyes and flapping ears, meekly submitting to blow after blow from a sharp iron goad, which his keeper was driving ferociously into the fleshy part of his neck at the root of the ear. The floor on which he stood was



converted into a pool of blood. One of the proprietors, impatient at what he regarded as senseless obstinacy, kept urging the driver to proceed to still severer extremities, when Charles Young, who was a great lover of animals, expostulated with him, went up to the poor, patient sufferer, and patted and caressed him; and when the driver was about to wield his instrument with even more vigor, he caught him by the wrist as in a vice, and stayed his hand from further violence. While an angry altercation was going on between Young and the man of color who was the driver, Captain Hay of the "Ashel" who had brought over "Chuny" in his ship, and petted him greatly on the voyage, came in and begged to know what was the matter. Before a word of explanation could be given, the much-wronged creature spoke for himself; for as soon as he perceived the entrance of his patron, he waddled up to him, and with a look of gentle appeal caught hold of his hand with his proboscis, plunged it into the bleeding wound, and then thrust it before his eyes. The gesture seemed to say as plainly as if it had been enforced by speech: "See how these cruel men treat 'Chuny.' Can you approve of it?" The hearts of the hardest present were sensibly touched by what they saw, and among them that of the gentleman who had been so energetic in proposing its harsh treatment. It was under a far better impulse that he ran out into the street, purchased a few apples at a stall, and

offered them to him. "Chuny" eyed him askance, took them, threw them between his feet, and when he had crushed them to pulp, spurned them from him. Young, who had gone into Covent Garden on the same errand as the gentleman who had preceded him, shortly after re-entered, and also held out to him some fruits, when to the astonishment of the bystanders the elephant ate every morsel; and afterwards twined his trunk with studied gentleness around Young's waist, marking by his action that though he had resented a wrong, he did not forget a kindness.

*Selected.*

## ADVENTURES WITH GRIZZLIES.

*(Concluded.)*

THE flash of Quelp's gun, and at the same instant a dark mass rolling down over the rocks, seemed to be simultaneous events. The bear had sprung upon him as he fired, and with such force as to carry him over the rocks, and down upon the grassy slope. Seizing my rifle, reckless of all consequences, I leaped from rock to rock, shouting wildly for Satellite. Before me I saw the bear and Indian rolling rapidly, one over the other, down the hill; the shrieks of the savage, mingled with the hoarse growls of the bear, fell distinctly on my ear. To fire would be sheer insanity, as one would be just as likely to hit the Indian as the bear. The trunk of a large pine tree lay just ahead of them, against which I saw they must roll and stop. For poor Quelp I had not the faintest hope; all I thought of was shooting the ferocious beast. To get a good chance at close quarters, I ran so as to get the lower side of the tree, thinking the bear would be so occupied with his victim that I should be able to skulk upon him unnoticed. Bang came the pair against the tree, with a momentum that providentially sent the bear clear over the stump, leaving Quelp on the upper side. The beast was soon on his legs, growling savagely; and champing like an enraged bear, he began hunting round for his lost victim. By this time, I, too, had reached the stump, and was within twenty yards of the bear. I knew he would charge viciously the moment he saw me, and should I miss, my chance of escape was but small. Fortunately for me, the animal espied Satellite, who preferred looking on from a safe distance to that of risking a clawing. Turning round to rush at the Indian, the beast brought his side fairly toward me. Dropping on my knees, and resting my rifle on the fallen tree, I drew a "steady bead" on him; the leaden messenger, true to its mission, entered the chest just behind the elbow; the blood gushed from both mouth and nostrils. An instinct seemed to tell the huge brute that if once he fell it was never to rise again; with legs placed wide apart, and rocking from side to side, he made the hills echo with his terrible groans. Savage beast as he was, I felt for him, and to end his misery, sent a bullet through his head that rolled him over lifeless among the raspberry bushes, where he had so recently regaled himself and eaten his supper.

The first thing was to look after poor Quelp—not that I expected to find a spark of life remaining. The Satellite coming boldly down, now that Bruin was settled, and all danger over, assisted in carrying the maimed Indian from beneath the tree, under which he had burrowed like a marmot. A more pitiable object I never beheld. His back literally scored by the powerful claws of the bear, his body bruised from the bear's hugging and tumbling over and over in his rotatory journey down the hill, added to the fall from the rocks, had well nigh scared him out of his senses.

I was satisfied, after a careful surgical examination, that he had a chance of recovery; but I have found, in severe injuries from wild beasts, that the shock to the system is far more dangerous than the wounds.

We soon extemporized a litter, and after a most trying journey down the mountain, at last succeeded in reaching the canoe. Laying the wounded man in the bottom of it, we paddled down to the Indian village, the squaws taking immediate possession of the patient. As they are most skillful nurses, and most practiced hands in all cases of injury arising from teeth, knife or arrows, I felt sure his chance of living was far from hopeless.

Four canoes were manned at once by redskinned hunters to return for the dead bear, and to find the one Quelp had fired at when so suddenly pounced upon by an unseen foe. The wily old hunter had spied one of the bears asleep amidst the rocks, and when I peeped over the ledge, was in the act of firing at her, little dreaming the other was so close behind him. The old chief in person accompanied us, taking me in his canoe—not that the chief is a whit cleaner or better dressed than his subjects, but he has a kind of questionable authority, due to the possession of more property than any other in his tribe.

On reaching the scene of Quelp's disaster, the bear I had shot—an old male of huge proportions—lay stiff and rigid, terrible even in death. The other, which turned out to be the female, had been badly wounded by Quelp, but had dragged herself out and reached the wood. She was easily traced by the drops of blood that thickly bespattered the ground. After a brief search in the forest, an Indian spied her sitting up, licking the wound in her side. It was left to me to shoot her. Walking up very near, I sent a bullet through her heart. A convulsive shudder shook her massive frame, and like her liege lord, she rolled over dead, beneath the shadow of the pine trees. It took some time and much labor to skin this forest king and queen; but "many hands make light work," and in grand procession we a second time descended the mountain, bearing with us such trophies of the chase as seldom fall to the lot of a hunter—four feet, armed with such claws as any brave would risk his life to have and wear, and two grizzly skins.

The fate of poor Quelp hung like a gloomy cloud over the sunshine of the achievement. But danger passed is soon forgotten; and he was at length pronounced in a fair way of recovery.

I made the chief a present of one set of claws, and Quelp those of the male bear, that he might wear round his neck the weapons that had so fearfully damaged him and nearly ended his days. Wild with delight, the Indians did war dances, and held a grand feast in honor of the "Long Beard," as I was designated in Savagedom, who had saved their kinsman's life, and presented him with that which of all things on earth an Indian most prizes—a necklace of grizzly bear's claws.

*Selected.*

## HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

*(Continued.)*

AFTER the strenuous and unremitting exertions of the Saints for upwards of five years to build the Temple of the Lord in Nauvoo, while they were subjected to the most bitter and violent persecutions from their enemies, they were, as a matter of course, highly gratified at having a portion of the house so far completed as to admit of the holy ordinances of the Church being administered in it. The anxiety of the Saints to enjoy the privilege of having their endowments was only equalled by their zeal and earnestness in carrying out the command of God in building the Temple. During the month of December, 1845, a great many persons received the glorious privilege of endowments.

The efforts of the Saints to find purchasers for their property were generally unavailing. Quite a number of delegates from



Catholic churches of different cities and other associations visited Nauvoo, and talked strongly of purchasing or leasing the Temple and other public buildings, and most of them expressed their admiration of the Temple, the beautiful city and its surroundings. But their visits generally terminated with a promise on their part to further consider the question of purchase, and, though the terms offered by the Saints were liberal, only one half the valuation of like property similarly situated in other parts of the country, being asked, the agents or delegates seldom went farther in the matter than to examine the property and talk of purchasing, or leasing.

Some little excitement was caused at Nauvoo, in the early part of December, 1845, by the receipt of news from Washington that the Secretary of War and several other Cabinet officers at the Capital were determined to prevent, if possible, the Saints from moving westward. They fancied they could do so on the plea that it was contrary to law for an armed force to remove from the United States to the dominion of any other government. The rumor then was that the Saints would probably locate in California or Oregon, the territory of which at that time belonged to the dominion of Mexico. It will be remembered that what is now known as Utah Territory also belonged to Mexico at that time, and indeed until some time after it had been settled by the Saints.

The Saints were not going as an armed force to subdue and take possession of the territory of any other government, and establish an independent one of their own, and enact laws in opposition to, and declare hostilities against the United States or any other country, as they were charged with contemplating. But on the contrary, being forced by the persecutions of their enemies, to abandon the homes which they had made by years of toil, they purposed migrating peaceably to some distant part where they would find a refuge from the power of their persecutors; and they expected to submit to the laws of the government in whose dominion they might locate, as they had always done to the laws of the United States.

President Young told the people that they would go in spite of all the efforts of officers and others to prevent them, as he felt that the Lord would deliver the Saints in the future as He had done in the past.

Conciliatory letters were written from Nauvoo to Stephen A. Douglas and several other members of Congress to secure their influence in opposition to this movement to prevent the removal of the Saints. Several times during the month of December, officers visited Nauvoo for the purpose of arresting President Young and members of the Twelve Apostles, but those brethren managed to elude them, and in order to do so were forced to disguise themselves on several occasions. On the 23d of December the famous "Bogus Brigham" arrest was made. Most of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the incident, from having read the recital of it as given in the sixth volume of the INSTRUCTOR. On the occasion referred to the marshal and several of the State officers, accompanied by a number of troops, entered Nauvoo and rode to the Temple for the purpose of searching it for President Young. On their movements being reported to President Young, who was in the Temple at the time, he devised a plan, which, if carried out, would decoy them from their purpose. To accomplish this, Elder William Miller put on President Young's cap and a cloak similar to his, and met the officers at the door, and allowed them to arrest and take him to Carthage, elated with the idea that he was the real Brigham and not the "bogus" one, which they afterwards discovered him to be, to their discomfiture.

On the 27th of December a United States deputy marshal appeared to again search for the Twelve and others. He was allowed to search every part of the Temple, in viewing which and the city from the tower he expressed his gratification with what he saw. He, however, had to leave without effecting the object of his search, as those for whom he sought knew from

past experience that the easiest and cheapest way to secure justice for themselves was to keep out of the power of officers whose whole aim was to convict and punish the Saints, whether cause of complaint against them existed or not, and they accordingly kept out of their way.

On the 4th of January, 1846, Governor Ford wrote a lengthy letter to Sheriff Backenstos, in which he made a great effort to impress the idea that he had not instituted the late attempt to arrest the Church authorities in Nauvoo, nor aided in it by furnishing troops to accompany the marshal. He stated that it was purely a U. S. Government affair in which he took no official part, and that he refused, when requested by the marshal, to furnish troops. He expressed his belief that the Government would prevent the removal of the Saints westward of the Rocky Mountains, as they would be sure to "join the British" and be more trouble to the United States than ever. He indulged in forebodings and speculations as to the result of the Saints being brought into collision with the Government, and thought it not unlikely that the leaders of the Church would have to separate from the people and become fugitives in the earth, or submit to a trial on their indictments.

It was not much to be wondered at, that the Governor should dislike to "father" a movement that terminated in such a ludicrous manner as did the attempt to arrest President Young. He had shown in his actions with the Saints that he was a rank hypocrite, possessing no sense of, nor regard for, justice, or else that he was a man of no force, and without stamina sufficient to fit him for the lowest public office. The Saints had no fear of submitting to trial on indictments for counterfeiting or any other crime that might be brought against them, if they could only be assured that their lives would not be placed in jeopardy, or that they would not be foully murdered while held for trial as were Joseph and Hyrum Smith; but after the treachery of the Governor on that occasion, they could place no further confidence in his promises.

(To be Continued.)

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

## THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.

WITH most people there is a degree of pride that is commendable, but with some it runs into vanity and folly. To be proud of truth and virtue is a trait of character we should cultivate. To be clean and neat, looks well, but to be extravagant in dress and to "put on style" as some call it, is not useful, but often brings poverty and ruin.

Children should be taught to be clean, polite and kind. From infancy to the grave there is a great work to do. To labor to adorn our bodies according to the whims of fashion while the mind is uncultivated, is time poorly spent. Our example in society has its effect, and if we seek to dress beyond our means some of our neighbors will try and do likewise; but most people look well who keep their persons clean, if they wear plain and neat clothing.

Many persons have laid the foundation for great sickness by wearing thin shoes and light clothing in winter. Some, through wearing tight shoes, suffer from corns, bunions, and blisters; but they would rather endure pain than wear unfashionable shoes. Shoes should be large enough to be comfortable.

Little children often appear in society a little over half dressed; the neck, arms, and legs, are bare, and they feel the cold; if grown up persons were to dress in this style many of them would be sick, but loving parents want to show their children off, and many of them do—to the grave.

Fashions are constantly changing. Comfort and usefulness are not always thought of. When we get a good fashion we should stick to it; but no, the ladies will wear long dresses,

short dresses, trail dresses, hats to cover the head, hats as large as a revenue stamp, hats with wide brims, sky-scraper bonnets, little bonnets; while the men and boys wear tight pants, loose pants, peg top pants, long tail coats, short-tail coats, large sleeves, tight sleeves, and fashions in endless variety, without sense, with no regard to comfort, and calculated only to drain the pocket.

Cheap jewelry of various kinds, including breast pins and a variety of other useless gewgaws, are very fashionable, and worn by many too poor to take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; but the idol, Fashion, has its worshipers, and they spend their lives in frivolity, they live only to be seen, and not to be useful, and are of little worth in the world.

Oftentimes the young, and sometimes the old, drink tea, coffee, strong drinks, chew or smoke tobacco, because others do so; but true principle should be first with us, whether popular or unpopular. This should be our guide in dress, food, and in everything we have to do with, then our lives will be praiseworthy and of good report. W.M.

INFANT-EATING HYENAS.—There are man-eaters among the South African hyenas, and these omnivorous animals are greatly dreaded on account of the exceeding stealthiness and craft with which they achieve their object. They very seldom endeavor to destroy the adult men and women, but limit their attacks to the young and defenseless children. On dark nights, the hyena is greatly to be feared, for he can be guided to his prey by the light of the nocturnal fires, which do not daunt an animal that is possessed by this fearful spirit of destructiveness, and at the same time can make his cautious approach unseen. As the family are lying at night buried in sleep, the hyena prowls round the enclosure, and finding a weak spot, the animal pushes aside the wattle-bands of which the fence is made, and quietly creeps through the breach. Between the human inhabitants and the fence, the cattle are picketed by night, and would form an easy prey to the hyena, if he choose to attack them. But he slips cautiously amid the sleeping beasts, and makes his way to the spot where lies a young child wrapped in deep slumber. Employing the same silent caution, the hyena slightly withdraws the sleeping child from the protecting cloak of its mother, and makes its escape with its prey before it can be intercepted. With such marvelous caution does this animal act, that it has often been known to remove an infant from the house without giving the alarm.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

## AN ENIGMA.

Old Noah possessed me when he built the ark!  
And, I was in its window and its door—  
I was the chief part of the roof and floor—  
But, was not seen at all, then, in the dark!

Since then, in every house and hovel I've a place;—  
With ev'ry mother and her darling boy—  
In every joyous look and winsome toy:  
And, beauty in her toilet sees my face!

I never was in church or chapel! Men  
May see me in religious houses: there,  
In worship with devout ones,—not in prayer—  
I'm in the choir. But, no one *hears* me there!

In this great world I form a circle, true.  
I largely help to make the books you own  
(Although a cypher when I am alone;)  
I'm in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, too!

BETH.

## Selected Poetry.

### LITTLE THINGS.

*A little thing!* How oft that word  
We hear from young and gay;  
Events which fill our daily lives,  
Are "little things," they say.  
Ah, did we know the weary pain  
A little fault might bring;  
We'd pause a moment, ere we dared  
Call it a little thing.

It may be but a hasty word,  
A cross or angry tone,  
The little woe that prompted it,  
Ere it spoke is gone;  
But to the loving heart it wounds,  
The sorrow long will cling,  
The pain your thoughtless words impart  
Is not a *little* thing.

Remember, too, the loving Lord  
Looks ever calmly down  
To give each action and each thought  
His blessing or His frown.  
That hasty word recorded is  
Where holy angels sing,  
Their sinless hearts are pained by it,  
Is that a *little* thing?

A mother's kiss, a sister's smile,  
A golden summer's day,  
Appear but little things to us,  
To cheer our onward way;  
But love and joy and thankfulness,  
These gifts were meant to win;  
Your Heavenly Father sent you each,  
Not as a *little* thing.

Oh! who can tell the wondrous chain  
Which on each day may hang,  
Reaching from when their morning hymn  
The stars of morning sang,  
Through countless ages, till the time  
Of which the angels sing!  
Can any link of this great chain  
Be called a *little* thing?

Know that each hour of life is fraught  
With endless good or ill,  
No act but with its consequence  
The universe may fill;  
Then, till with angel vision clear  
We mount on angel wing,  
Let us not dare to say of aught,  
"It is a *little* thing."

THE answer to the Charade in Number Nine, is CALIFORNIA. Correct solutions have been received from Elisha Peck, Edwin F. Parry, City; Willie Palmer, Logan; Charlotte Shelley, American Fork; Alma Warr, Kamas.

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